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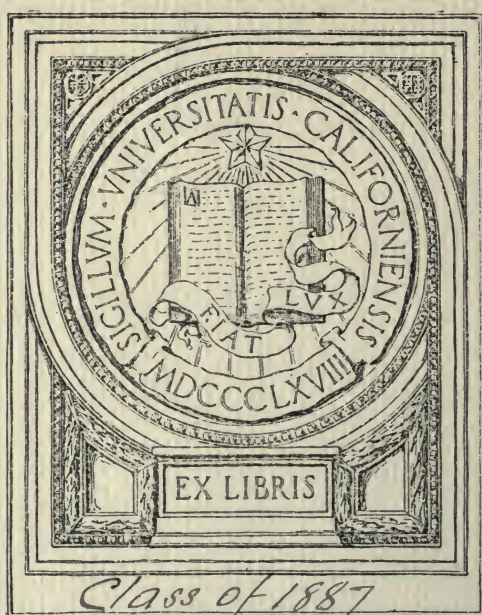
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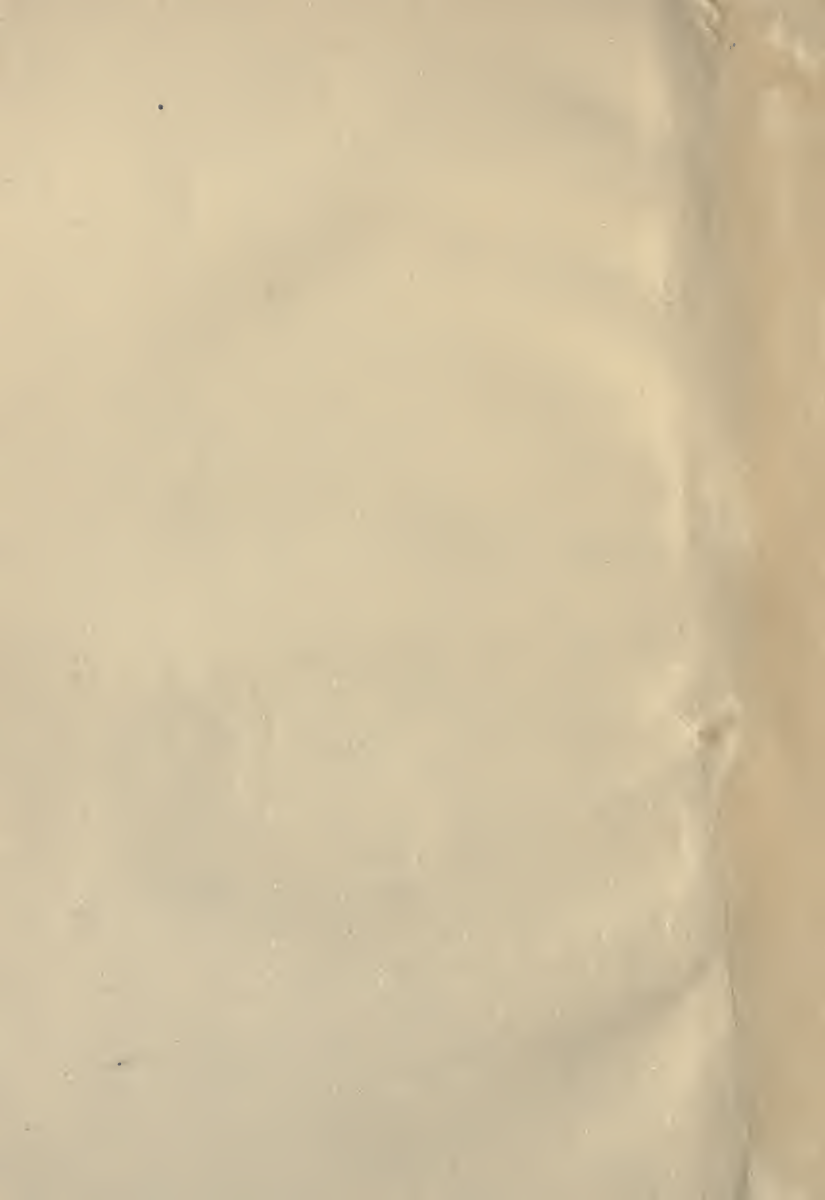
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CREATION-DAWN

BY

TAKESHI KANNO

MEMORIAL EDITION



CREATION-DAWN

(A VISION DRAMA)

EVENING TALKS
AND
MEDITATIONS

By
Takeshi Kanno



PUBLISHED
BY THE AUTHOR
THE HIGHTS, FRUITVALE, CAL.

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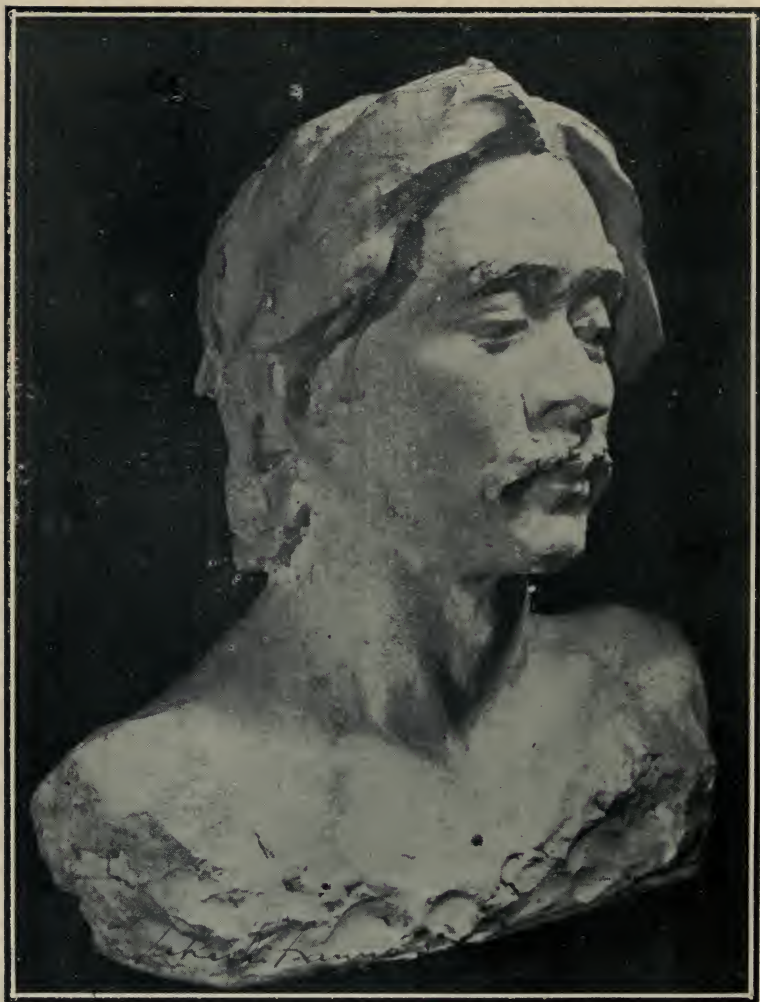


This, my soul-incense, I perfume
before the altar of divine ego.



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Portrait-bust of Takeshi Kanno by Gertrude Boyle Kanno.



Thou my figure, -- dimmed shadowy ruined castle!
Within thy ghostly vault incalculable echo of death
Howling as monstrous sea;
Without, the castle shadows float in dragonish mists:
Eternal tempest of longing ocean roaring.
But what a sweet, wild sight! Look there, there!
Nameless, deathless, beauteous flower clinging
To wounded breast of thy soul-ruined castle.
Where floating the bravest battle-shadow
Of thy past life now?
Even though thy strong castle-hold funerals
Into the unknown silent domain by the eternal hand of time --
Yet, ah, here! here! thou, my nameless flower,
Remain like everlasting reluctant dream!
Ah, my figure, -- shadowy castle, melts into thee,
Thou everlasting memorial flower!



"Born from my mother's heart, in the midst of
 Fragrant bloom of native nest,
 Where the shadow of pine danced in the twilight of
 Ruined castle encircled by the wild-flower valley;
 Born to this world like rivulet that runs from deep
 Bosom of mother valley,
 Where the spring love-beam melts the divine white
 Snow from the breast of father Fujiyama."

崇 崇 崇

崇 崇 崇

Thus he came, this singer of the Orient, and
 with a nature that could not bind itself to any one
 phase of truth or racial conception, strongly individ-
 ual, at the same time universal in spirit, an advocate
 of harmonism, of "every thing different therefore one,
 -- conscious independence, unconscious unity."

This song-philosopher from earliest childhood
 imbibed the rare nectar of the Chinese and Japanese
 classics, beginning at the age of five to chant the clas-
 sics to his grandparent, a man of literary worth, at
 first for sembi (rice cake), later for the delight in the
 classics themselves. Until his thirteenth year his
 training was purely oriental, mainly Spartan or Bushi-
 do (the way of the knight) -- having sprung from the

Samurai (the knighthood of Japan). From then on his education became equally western and eastern.

During his college life he spent much time in the study of literature and philosophy, specializing in his theological course on the higher criticisms of Christianity; striving to explain Christian philosophy by modern science and ethics; ever drawing comparisons, discovering similarities and differences in the teachings of Buddha, Jesus, Confucius, Brahma, and others; delighting in the symbolism and strength of Hebrew literature; revelling in the mythology of the Greeks, drinking deep of its sparkling beauty, -- as he had quaffed in early youth the saki of his race's gods.

Leaving his college life at Kyoto, he journeyed forth into the far distant parts of his country, - from village to hamlet strolling by running brook; wandering like free wind through time-ruined castle or along sylvan shore; teaching, lecturing anon, singing his song alway, his scroll of sonnets, "Travelling Gown," in his native tongue, lengthening with each step of his journey.

Thus passed his youth away. Without expecting or planning, one fair day he set sail for a new world. After wandering along the western coast of America he found a spot in harmony with the

meditative spirit so strong within him, -- up on the heights overlooking San Francisco Bay, the wild yet peaceful abode of the Bard of the Sierras.

Here he has remained in the silence of dream, sunk deep in the ocean-thought of the universe; anon awaking to whisper his fancies, his sea-murmurings, to the soft breezes, to voice his soul-dreams to my ear. Even the Bard of the mountains caught not a glimpse of his vision nor heard a strain from his song; meeting each day as simple friends, remarking on the fairness of a morn or the beauty-splendor of a sun set, each muffled in the cloak of his fancy, each led by the hand of his muse, apart would wander.

In our cabin among the tree-tops oft, "as the shadows of night melt into purple dawn, the melting time of the real and the dream, of sleep and awakening, the conscious, unconscious state of the mind", I arouse myself and sieze and preserve the utterance of spirit, -- this voice from the unknown domain of thought. As I take these utterances, word for word, I see nothing distinctly, yet at a distance I catch a glimpse of a great being moving, - seen, unseen, like the oriental picture of the sacred dragon, half veiled in cloud, seen but to vanish in mist.

Well may his nature be likened to the crystal dragon; his mind, his spirit, resembling the flight of

that mystic being, -- plunging deep in the great sea of philosophy, seeking some hidden jewel in its gloom-cavern; rising to hover like cloud of doubt over the waters of feeling; soaring to lofty mountain-peak of religion, wrapped in the mists of inspiration; on the wings of the wind drifting, floating, sailing o'er purple seas of dawn, over flowery plains of poetry and love "whirling with the wild ecstasy of passion sounds, bending dreaming ear to the silent song of gentle midnight storm of endless longing." --- "A dragon breathing life and death. -- Breathing the breath of poetry and with "ear bending to the voice of naked creation," this minstrel sounds for us unknown strains, whirling us into the very center of feeling, where we behold the mists of creation rising about us, and "hear the deep drone of mingling waves, -- the great sounds of eternal tides!"

"I plunge into the vast bigness of chaos,
Sublime music guides my soul,
Feeling blending into dream world, --
My mind flows into soul of universe,
So naturally comes my song."

Gertrude Boyle Kanno

Dream Hights

CREATION-DAWN

(Fragments)

PART THIRD

Scene I

(Near the sea, by the castle. Sagano and Saarashi transported into sublimest vision of Creation; their souls enraptured with solemn music of love-ocean)

Voice from within

“Let there be light!”

God knocked at mystic portal

Of maiden’s soul:

Behold! love-light shines forth

From her heart of dawning-flower!

Sagano

Awake, my soul!

Open, gate of mystery!

Great minstrel,

Touching the sacred harp

Quivering from God to man.

Listen! mellowed sorrow sounding

Sagano, an unknown poet. Saarashi, the beloved of Sagano.

From twilight forest of resurrection-dawn.

Saarashi

On the shore of life

Waves of ecstasy dashing!

Sagano

Poised as Venus in yearning:

Saarashi

Crowning, foaming flower of rapture,

Breathe in, breath out,

Waves of life pulsing.

Sagano

Now invisible hand of mighty Creator

Forging human soul

On the anvil of passion;

Millions of unformed souls

Burning in fire of love-ocean,

Breathing white-flamed waves

Of melting love:

Thus God shapes his mighty

Image of Male and Female:

This is the poetry of poetries,

Greatest poet, O God!

Saarashi

'Twas the morn,

Even dawning bud of pure maiden's soul

Would smile:

My feeling awakened to dream from real;
 Phantom-soft touch
 As spring wind, dimpling
 Upon breast of calm sea,--
 A touch, such a touch, O love!
 Thou visible hand of unseen Creator---

Thick morning mist descending with real dawn--
 both figures seen, unseen.-- Indistinct chanting
 of Saarashi mingling with Voice of Ocean.
 Anon in the twilight shadows of morn white
 petals showering with longing sea-wind.

Sagano

From bottomless sorrow
 Of unknown love-sea,
 Slowly mourns her voice,
 Like distant storm, heard, unheard,
 Mingling with love-strings
 In vibration of naked souls;
 Storming upon wild yearning
 In melting sweetness of love-rain;
 Now howling as sea-wind
 Dancing with dragonish pine
 In mists of wild ecstasy;
 Now cradling my soul
 In her young moon-craft;
 Now crushing her naked beauty
 Upon sounding love-ocean

Where my dream swims,
 While silver star scattering
 Her love-beams into the shadow of dawn!
 My perfumed heart
 Tangles with curtain of dream,
 While my smouldering soul
 Mingles with shadow of webbing life!
 Ah, sweet!
 'Twas moment vision of her souled voice
 Which buried in silent grave of my heart,
 In mist of stormy Creation.

Saarashi

Sweet, cruel love,
 O, draw my breath!
 In a moment -- Ah, such moment! --
 Devours whole life!
 In such moment
 Miniatures eternity!
 Devours whole soul
 Into one breath!
 Love! in thy presence
 All being melts into one!
 Speak not of such moment--
 Holiest of the holy,
 Atmosphere of life,
 This is the Breath of God

In Creation Dawn! ---

Sagano

In moment I feel

Dragon tangle my body!

Ah, pain!

Yet after a moment I feel

Angel cradling my feeling

In her soft love-cradle! ---

Saarashi

My hungry soul searching,

Stretches trembling finger;

I feel something touching,

Soft as rain of petals showerings.

Sagano

On the current of love tide

In craft of life,

Oar of feeling rowing,

Foams of ecstasy splashing,

Love-waves of male and female mingling.

Sagano and Saarashi

Up and down drifting ---

Sagano

To unknown longing ocean,

Where souls' love created

In first day of dawning Creation---

O love-dream!

In phantom craft!
 Where art thou sailing?
 From where, to where?
 Ah, nowhere, yet everywhere.

Saarashi

My feeling melting somewhere,
 Like evening twilight
 Melts into mystic shadow of night.

Sagano

Here perfume of dreams flowering
 Betwixt thee and me!
 What unconscious sweet
 From sky of yearning clouds
 Of wild desire ---
 As spring shower slowly sprinkling
 Her electric feeling
 Upon harp of my thirsty soul!--
 Before action -- ah, such a moment!
 What picture in thy mind floating?
 Where is your will?
 Now all being veiled before you,
 Slowly, eagerly yearning.

Saarashi

Where? ah, what?
 Feeling raining as petals shower,
 Heart whirling with wind,

Souls breathing spirit of God

(Moon sinking in western sea; night blackening)

Sagano

Tempestuous wind of desire (sudden storm
arises, scattering flowers raining)

Violating with homeless clouds of doubt,
Storming on boundless ocean
of Love-Creation,

Thundering far from heaven

To bottomless deep, distant yet near,

Sea or mist dragon waving,

Scarlet fire from mouth forking, (lightning)

Billowing tides of life mingling,

Phantom locks of uncreated spirits

Devouring white foams

Of passion breakers----(voice of waves heard)

Now spirit of eternal Creation

Moving upon love-sea,

Howling toward heaven like lions,

Mountaining hungry surges, on and on---

Saarashi

Ah, sweet!

On waving ecstasy of feeling-sea,

Now, ah, floating!

Sagano

Ah, drifting!

Feeling in most, oh, wait,---
 Lo! tide of life returns
 Unto the Beginning, where my soul slept!

Saarashi

Love-wings of stormy wind ceasing,
 Nothing remains in sky of mind,
 Fainting mists showering away,
 But morning star dimly weeping---

Sagano

While stormed petals hunting
 Track of dream!

Saarashi

Dawning love awakening,
 Shining forth her love-light.

Sagano

Look, dear, west!
 Haze or mist;
 Ah, morning rainbow, arcade of
 God's temple of Genesis Night
 Appears in sky of love-dawning---
 List to song from our inmost soul:
 "Let there be light."
 Voice through chaos
 Awakes the harp of her dreaming soul;
 Behold, maiden draws
 Her cloud-curtain of Creation-Dawn.

PART THIRD

Scene II

Virgin forest of meditation--Sagano's mind wandering
in maiden-chaos, still dreaming sublimest vision of
creation which he chants in dedication to his beloved
Saarashi whose spirit hovers around him.

(Voice from within before curtain-rise)

"Let there be light."

Voice through chaos

Awaked the harp of her dreaming soul!

Behold, the maiden

Draws her cloud-veil of Creation-dawn!

Sagano

Shapeless cloudy forms vapping

From bottomless chaos

Of the maiden's heart!

A knock at her secret chamber,

Then opens portal of dream,

Draws the veil of holy shrine

Of the sacred grail,

Lips taste the wine,---a touch of life!

Aagin I see shapless form in magic chaos;

I heard two voices, "Touch not, touch not!"

Then I replied "It means touch?"
 I entered at the gate of Life;
 What a perfect blossoming land here!
 I feel something moving,---
 'Twas the wind of feeling
 Shaking, touching the harp of my soul!
 What a thrilling, vibrating
 From her shore to my shore!
 White living strings from heaven (father)
 To earth (mother) stretched;--

Is that rain of love?

I heard again little voice,

"Touch not, touch not!"

I knocked at the gate of Death and entered

I saw a petal fall on a grave unknown;

Thrice I heard the same voices,

"Touch not, touch not!"

I saw two figures shadowing there:

I approach and I gazed and gaze,---

Ah, 'twas the shadow of my parents!

Here comes Buddha gazing at the petal

On the grave,

Silently he smiled and smiled!

Here comes Christ gazing at petal

On the grave,--- wept and wept!

Here life blossoming,

Souls perfuming on the holy shrine
 In the presence of the Creator;
 God's burning pen writing
 On the white pages of human soul!
 I see the countless books of poems
 Burning here in the red-blood-fire
 Of Creation Dawn!
 Here writing, writing, invisible hand
 Of Creator,
 Characterless poem of creation,
 With His pen of eternal-love!
 Here eternity blending into a minute;
 What feeling, burning pen,
 Swift as thunder-lightning!
 What souls streamed from His living pen!
 Like the exquisite melody blending
 From the silence of the kisses.
 Here eternity bows his locks--
 Here all kings of worlds
 Bow their proud heads---
 All here! All from here! All here grow:
 All here die! Life and death at last one,--
 A drop of His pen!

In chaos shapeless form floating--
 Now parting, yet blending,
 Floating, sailing!

Time? Beyond eternity,--
 Where? Not kowing,--
 How? Selfless feeling,--
 Ah, ending where? O love!
 In mingling twilights and dancing shadows
 Ah, mingling! Oh, floating!
 What? Ah, what?
 Here, ah, here!
 Beyond miracle---
 Thus, ah, thus!
 Life breathing there,
 Oh, here souls perfuming on holy shrine
 Of Creator.

On the misty shore of love-sea
 In a woman's soul, flower of life smiling,
 White as passion breaker;
 While I gaze, tide of life swelling swelling,
 From bottomless love-ocean,
 Gathered in my eyes a drop of tears,
 Painful sweet, and falls upon
 The blooming flower.

Oh look, look! falling, falling,
 Petals falling, dancing with wild sea-wind!
 Look, look! petals kissing, kissing
 With whitened passion-breakers!
 Look, look! floating floating

Among the waves of the fate!
Oh, where is the home of Loving?
Even a shadow of petal I lost from my side,
Where is the dream of petal now?
Two souls breathing warm breath
Of love creation,
Shadow of souls burning in eternal fire
Of longing.
Look! shape of two souls floating,
Swimming in an ocean
Of unutterable ecstasy,---
Swimming on the waves of rapture,
In the bottomless love-sea.
Oh, 'twas the fire of creation!
Myriad billows raising their whitened locks,
Howling, howling, crying!
Behold, the center of vapor,
The whitened flame shapes
The perfect form of eternal new!
What big autumnal stillness spreads
Before my eyes,
When my divine ego awakes,---
"Everything here, everything here,
All here"---
In silence shapelessly she slept,
Incense smoke rising,

Wind forgot to awake silence;
 Here eternity blossoming, speaking,
 Where death resurrecting up from sky.
 Petal falls on her lips of shapeless dream,--
 She awakes as deserted petal
 Of resurrection!

What fullness, O thou Conception!
 What smooth drifting on thy calm oily sea,
 What a deep drone of mingling waves
 I hear;

Yes, 'twas the voice of God moving upon
 The water of feeling!

What soft rowing in thy sacred craft,
 Floating on love-ocean,
 Where the holy gail is shrined.

Say not, she is a transform of God,
 Ah, this!

Thus I kiss the warm lips of the Creator!
 A touch! what sweet touch is this?
 Soft as breath of budding heart.
 What the naked shadows of Creation?
 Ah, ask me not where is garment of day!
 I saw her figure floating on my breast
 Of longing ocean,
 As wave of incense-smoke tangles me soft.
 Sun kissing curtain of dawn,

Where souls dancing,
 Mingling in love-twilight
 Tasting melting sweetness,---
 Love- tide ebbing, flowing, toward portal
 Of life yearning,
 In sky of hearts clouds of desire dancing,
 Round sun light touching,
 Souls embracing, ecstasy raining:

Here the hearts blossoming,
 There life flowering.
 Feeling, vibrating like exquisite music,
 Souls breathing as sun kisses the curtain
 Of dawn,

Here Creation giving breath of life:
 Sudden a mass of cloud of whitened desire
 Takes the rain of violent storm,
 Mounting on the naked love-waves,
 While the living waters flow
 From the Father River to the Mother Sea.
 Look! her figure in naked garment;
 Thou whitened love flame!
 O ghost! thou floating in silken mists,--
 Seen, unseen.

In sky of my longing eyes,
 Look! she combing her hair,
 Reflecting her naked beauty on mirror.

I see there vapor of souls,--

There! there!

I breathe fragrance of heart,

Here! here!

Thou living love-grave,--

Nay, native home of heaven,

Thou Eden!

There, there in midst love nest

Where wings of souls fledged,

Under the rock evrlasting stream flowing.

Floating in silken mists, thou and I--

Her naked beauty floatng

In silken mists, seen, unseen.

We float in silken love-mists,

Our flaming forms flying as wings of birds;

Inward we fly, upward we soar.--

Hark! voice of night that sunk

Into bottomless silence,

Listen deeper and deeper,

Silent voice of night.

Love-sun mirroring naked beauty

Upon curtain of night.

Look! child of Dawn born!

Hope dawning,

Love-sun awaking,

Curtain of night drawing.

When God stretched white love-strings
 Between thee and me,
 Mystic harp of Creator began to quiver.
 What smooth, touching hand
 Of visible Creator
 Minstrels like dream of maiden awaking!
 What a soft flowing, like sound
 Of moonbeams,

Dancing down with stream.--
 Dragon breathing life and death!
 Raining white blossoming rain,--

It was night, indeed, - such black night!
 I touched the beauty of life,
 I drunk my soul from thy burning mouth,
 And wrote unformed poetry
 On thy misty, tiding breast,--
 Breaking Father Sea soul against cave
 Of Mother Earth!

Devouring white, uncreated forms!
 Devouring willful waves of desire
 Against dark cave of Mother Earth!

Sound of breaking souls!
 My heart vibrating with invisible strings
 Of music playing in thy breast,
 And my soul touching with dying sounds
 That return to infant dream.--

Bottomless sweetness of love-rain
 Showering between thee and me;
 Graceful weeping willow in the mist
 Seen, unseen,
 Feeling swings her shadow
 As morning breeze:
 Two whitened souls perfuming incense
 Of beauty before holy shrine of Creator!
 Beauteous formed poem dropping
 From living pen upon the baby page
 Of whitened soul,--
 Ah, now, why, 'twas a living dream
 In Creation Dawn!
 Voice from love-tide
 Endless mystery!
 Great sounds of eternal tides!
 God is boundless, bottomless sea
 Of Creation!
 My soul slowly laving in eternal love tide
 Of bottomless mystery,
 And my ear bending to the voice
 Of naked Creation.--
 God's love instrument, O thou my love!
 I touched to thy whitened strings--
 Storming souls trembling,
 Drunkened hearts quivering,

Waves of sound in intoxicated beauty
Flying.

I raise curtain of silence and enter:
Nothing there I see in dark twilight
But one beauteous God's love flame
Smiling in silence,
Spinning endless thread
Of measureless rapture.

While I gazing my garment of day
Without toil all torn,

While webs of life tangle me in love nest,
 Spinning, tangling, springing, returning,
 Streaming, whirling, whirling
 Into center of chaos!

Thus I sung voiceless song of Creation--

 What is it? what is it!

 Between thee and me?

Something sweeter than flying music,
Lovelier than flower.

 What is it! What is it!

 Between thee and me?

Something dreamier than

· The veiled spring moon,

Brighter than the morning star.

 What is it! what is it!

 Between thee and me?

Yea, 'tis the soul's native garden where
 God planted the tree of love,--

Ah, thus I return to thee
 Thou great bosom of mother Earth,
 O love!

Through unlocked portal of woman's
 Bottomless, beaming love-ocean.

What! ah, what!

Between thee and me?

Ah, love mingling in blossoming air,
 Endless weaver of love-mystery!
 Perfuming dancer in incense longing!
 Phantom searcher of mingling hearts!
 Shapeless catcher of voice of soul!

Yea, yet listen more:

Sun is thy heart.

Moon is thy soul,

Awake as the naked beauty

Of Mother Earth at day,

Asleep under the starry garment

Of mystic night,

Dreaming on the breast of God,

Kissing the lips of melting sweetness

Of Creator,--

Draw thy cloudy veil of purple Dawn

And receive the love-beam

Into thy budding craft,
Floating in perfuming air;
Thou visible Creator, (Saarashi appears)
O my love!
I sup thy soul from thy burning mouth!
Thus: we create a new world
Between thee and me.
'Twas the voice of God,--
"Let there be light!"

PART FOURTH

Scene I

Grey summer moon-night-- Sagano sleeping by the path to the grave of his friend-philosopher, -- gong strikes one -- he awakes.

What a dream I dreamed!

My soul still wandering twixt the unknown
Boundaries of dream and real,
Like living ghost.

Where is she?

I feel her fragrance still hovering
Around me like warbling voice of night.
Did I not pass the seven colored
Mystic portal of heaven,
Baptised with celestial shower of love!
Did I not sup my soul
From her burning mouth!
Yet why anxious clouds floating
In the sky of my soul?
Why am I restless as turbulent waves?
Come, Spirit, thou charimest me once
And sing old song --

(Saarashi's astral body illumines before his eyes)--
Come! float before my eyes,

Thou beauteous Flame
Of Eternal Female Creation!
Art thou ocean of love or sea of fire?
My drifting soul anchored
In thy yearning depths,
My restless heart pillowed
On thy cradling waves!
My homeless feeling intoxicated
With mighty peace when I float
In thy mystic vessel.
Thou immortal-female-beauty!
Within thy chaos-bosom invisible
Love-ocean rolling,
I plunge into its yearning depths,
Where my soul formed in the Beginning
When Spirit of God moved upon Love-ocean.

What sight there,
Down yonder in human-blooming-valley!
Waves of flower dancing in air,
Mingling in water of life,
Floating down toward Love-sea!
Thou longing phantom figure!
Why thou raising mystic veil
Of dreaming Spring? Ah, such sight!
At what art thou gazing
With thy yearning eyes?

O Spirit of flowering-soul!
 Thou showering heart!
 From there thou comest to there
 Thou goest --
 Away, thou ghost! Away,
 Thou longing shadow! Away!
 Why thou hovering around me still? Away!

(Sagano takes the Scroll of sonnets composed and
 chanted in former scene)

Ah, this track of my dream,
 Which I perfumed before the altar
 Of Eternal Woman!
 Oh, Heavenly Spirit, guide me!
 I am standing on the threshold
 Between darkness and Light!
 Even to behold I tremble,
 Thou my Scroll of human love!

(He advances towards the grave of the philosopher.)

Step by step
 My feet bring me to the grave,
 Night by night
 My life shorter than before;
 A candle that burns at deep night,
 A foam on rolling wave,
 A flower in stormy field.
 Ah me! is this human life?

I faced my face to the waning moon,
She answered me in sadness,

Eternal silence!

Wept and weeping I gazed on the flower
That smiled on the grave;

She whispered me in the stillness,

Eternal Now!---

Thou invisible friend,

Strangely thy spirit draws me here.

Where art thou wandering now

Under such pale ghostly moon light?

Art thou listening to my voice?

Tell me of thy silent world,

Come and speak to me,

Let me see into thy penetrating eyes,

Glimmering under the heavy brow,

Open thy tightened mouth.

Art thou gazing at me?

Art thou speaking to me?

Where is thy scornful lip?

Didst thou not scorn the moon,

While thy soul was wandering

With the dust of earth?

Saying "Thou planet,

Charm not the children of earth

With thy magnetic light!

Thou false light, brought infinite woe
 Into the world."

Where is thy scorning mouth now
 While the scorned moon cradles thy grave
 In her soft light?

I remember when thou and I wandered
 In Spring field,
 Gazing at the human blooming valley;
 Thy hated voice still murmuring in my ear--
 "Woe unto the human
 Flowering-Love-valley!"

Ah, yet still beauteous flower,
 Here beside thy stone pillow
 Watching silently,
 As earth-mother cares the beloved child
 At her side!

Oh my friend, art thou still scorning?
 Tell me, what is death?

I astray between Birth and Death--
 I more than ghost--

Why thy voice charms me still.---

This, my Song,

I perfume before thy soul-- (Burns scroll)

(Moisture of earth rising takes the horrible shape
 of the As-ghost,--smoke rising)

Oh, thou blood-red tongue of Inferno!

(Red light flashes) Ashes of thought,
Thou black ashes of love,
Where art thou flying with homeless wind?
Oh, my friend,
I hear thy laughing voice
From bosom of grave--
Yet still--Ah what--Ah what!--
I see in dancing flame of Hell--
There! there!--beckoning hand--
My heart captured!
I see myriad beautiful white flames
Of immortal Woman,
Beckoning with flickering light --
Still I hear thy mocking voice!
My mind dungeoned in thy cold stone vault
Of Philosophy.
I hear another voice from above,
"Thou art eternal journey from birth
Of Inferno to death of Grave."
Why remember thou not,
Birth and Death only a drop from His pen?
Here, I, amazed--
Where shall I fly?
Even the moon hides her face
In doubtful clouds.
Oh, thou fire of love still burning

(Last breath of fire flames forth)
Within my soul burning love-fire,
More and more;
Within my heart sounding the rythm
Of my song!
Away! Away, thou blackened thought!
Away from me!
Oh, help! help!
Spirit of my friend, I invoke.
How deep imprinted in my whitened soul
Red bloody characters,
Oh scroll! scroll!
My song! my song!
Why thou sounding around me
In the air invisible?
Silence, silence!
Ah, ah thy burned thoughts issue
From the lips of silence!
Let me go from thee,
Do not open the scroll before my eyes!
Let me escape, escape!
Help, help, friend!
Oh, I am the living scroll!
Within me thou livest, my song!
Must I burn my body,
This dust of earth?

Oh, my friend, art thou happy?
My sense falling,
Let me come to thee,
To thy calm silent home!

(He falls prostrate on the grave)

Gong strikes two.

PART FOURTH

Scene II

(Music judgment. Moon-night, a ruined abbey by the sea, boundless meadow stretching into the distance, autumn leaves scattering in the moonlight Sagano silently enters with bended head and thoughtful step. Leaves showering upon his earthy shadow he looks up, gazing awhile at the falling leaves)

Ah, falling leaves,
 Are ye the tears of autumn?
 Ah, my figure,
 More than the falling leaves
 Or tears of autumn!
 Oh careless wind,
 Is this the dream of floating world?

(He looks around at the abbey)
 How oft in youth I wandered here

(Gazing at half-ruined shrine on which a candle is burning.)
 How often I have knelt before thy shrine!
 What a change, what a change!
 Oh, my figure, my figure,
 Sadder than the ruined abbey!
 Look yonder in the twilight, under the tree
 My infant figure wandering still!

There, ah there!
 It is only the track of my dream.
 Ah, such a change, such a change!

(A shepard boy passes, playing his flute. Sagano
 pauses awhile with eyes closed.)

What a warbling voice echoing in the vaults
 Of the ruined abbey in my mind.

(Then he looks towards the dark forest)

Oh thou virgin forest
 In the silvery moonlight,
 Thy praying hands beckoning,
 Ah, who can pluck my love-dream
 Which I left under thy beckoning sleeves?
 Is my dream still living in my heart?
 Am I breathing still that vaporeing love?
 Am I drinking the richer nectar of love?
 Come, thou everlasting beauteous woman
 And let me play again
 On thy immortal harp!

(Red light flashes in dark forest and beauteous
 figure of Saarashi appears, her shape slowly fading
 into the darkness again.)

She hid away from my sight
 In the white mist of my vision
 Yet she left her shadow in my soul--
 As ghostly wind passing away

Into the dreamy forest of night.
Am I dream or music?

(Anon starts the warbling melody in the far yon
meadow, Sagano's head bows, his thought drunk-
en in music.)

Why my tears flow
With streaming silver sound of flute?
Oh, thou drifting melody in the twilight,
Thou moonlight sound of crystal stream!
Why art thou painting the floating scene
Of old memory before my eyes?
Invisible painter thou art!
Art thou sound of moon,
Or the voice of sorrow?
Judge me not,
O sweet music,
Touching to strings of my heart,
Sounding in secret vault of soul,
Supping blood of my feeling
In sweet memories:
O pain, painful sweet sound,
Before thy presence garment
Of my soul all torn!
Behind thy shadow fling
My heart all naked!
Oh, where can I hide me--in tears?

Remain alone like living tomb,
Why hast thou not taken my breath?
Oh, cruel, sweet music, hunt me not,
Forget me in sweet memories
Of Eternal Silence!
Oh, lonely music!
Measure not my moment-rapture,
Reaching with thy trembling hands.
Oh, lonely sound!
Hunt not my naked heart
While I dancing with shadow
Of falling petal!
Oh, sound of loneliness!
Embrace not my humbling soul
With thy long gloomy arms.
Oh, dark sound!
Why art thou seeking me
Like shadow of myself?
Art thou hunting grave in me?
Before thy presence, lonely music,
Garment of my soul all torn!
Behind thy shadow fling,
My heart all naked!

To My Wife's Mother.

Her life was music
She dove into the Ocean of Death
Like a white sea-bird!

EVENING TALKS
AND
MEDITATIONS.

Dante.

When I first read Dante I closed my eyes and saw a perfect picture of human life. Three divisions, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise.

Next time I read I closed my eyes and I heard the wailing sound of the eternal funeral of Inferno pacing toward the patient boundary of Purgatory, incalculable dream-music, vibrating, mingling, in Purgatory, pealing far distant athwart the nine strings, ascending into infinite silence.

The third time--- the dim figure of Dante floated into my vision. I saw the former picture and heard the same music mingling, I felt Dante's warm breath, I lost myself. I said "Am I, I or Dante?" the picture vanished, the voice of Dante hushed, I remained alone, with the Divine Comedy, harp of God.

Dante is musical painter of human life.

How mirrors to the eyes of the orient, poet Dante's figure? Let us consider the gloomy

shadow of ruined cathedral figure of Dante. Is it only his shadow astray in the virgin forest?

Who is he?

Deep moving sea of soul, mighty squadron of will phantomed in rolling mist of unknown ecstasy! O wounded soul!

We must get out of the old, labored style of writing. This is an electric age, and our form of literature must correspond to the spirit of the age,--- electric expression! Modern literature is tired of decorative expression, and naked soul to soul wants to unite in one beyond material pleasure,--see Rodin's "Kiss", how wild! No moment, no time to express decoratively, but swift, electric expression, feeling swifter than lightning. Oscar Wilde is an electric writer. No doubt that he dose not spend time on useless description, but plunges into center of naked soul to soul. Such a man is wilde, such is the subject of "Salome" and such is Maeterlink in "Joyzelle". Modern Art deals with the breath of Nature, breath of Life.

VOICE OF DEATH-GHOST.

(Nirvana)

I,— the voice of Death-ghost,—

Born with life;

Grave is not my home,—

My grave is human body.

Pure maiden's heart is my bed;

No one knows, so soundly I sleep there,—

I awake by the sound of her wedding bell.

I am deadly thirsty; slowly and eagerly my tongue tastes human blood.

My dinner is a very simple meal,--no salad, no meat, just human blood I drink, but my thirst no ending.

When I feel lonesome I mirror the horrible picture which I call "Shadow of death" before the presence of human souls.

Then men fear me, astonished by me, bow down their heads to God, while I smiling, they cry to God. I think my joke better than preacher's sermon, but they always hate me, yet I intend not to be entirely bad.

I like meditation. I do not like voice of world at daytime, so I hide myself in bottomless

bottom of love-sea and mediate there. sometimes unworldly creatures (poets, philosophers all kinds of thinkers) come to my place, and I silently invite them, welcome them, and I show them how great is my eternal silent domain.

They cannot see me where I am, though thy can feel me a little bit. I have not shape.

Everywhere I go I am free. Without permission I quietly walk among them. They feel me, but thy cannot scent the track of my feet. I walk swifter than lightning. In less than a moment I round the world. Here I am, but I know who are dying, far distant or near, among the numberless human bodies on earth.

Long ago Buddha came to my domain and asked me, "What is death?" I taught him a little in the silence, the wordless, secret doctrine. He was pleased, and he called it "Nirvana". He very little understands me, but he is the best interpreter of me among men. He is one of the best of my disciples. Once a little later Christ came, knocked at my door, but I did not open my portal, for it seemed to me he did not like me. But at last he came through my back-door very unnaturally. I was so sorry for him,---he did not like me. He is not here in my domain;

he is the only man after death that did not stay with me. I like Buddha very much. I think he is broader than Christ; Christ higher than Buddha. Darkness is my light; twilight shadows especially I am fond. I like living creatures. One inch they grow, same time one inch my domain grows. Growing is dying; dying is growing.

My friend, a poor farmer poet (so called) sang about me:

Step by step

My feet bring me to the grave;

Night by night

My life shorter than before.

A candle that burns at deep night;

A foam on the rolling wave;

A flower in stormy field.

Ah me, is this human life!

I faced my face to the waning moon;

She answered me in the sadness;

“Eternal silence.”

Wept and weeping,

I gazed at the flower

That smiled on the grave,

She whispered me in the stillness:

“Eternal now, eternal now.”

Perhaps he does not understand me much;

nobody understands me perfectly. Ah, even myself! But sometime in eternalless eternity I may understand myself perfectly; until then I keep my secret for coming pleasure.

Once Confucius disciple asked him, "What is death"? He answered him, "How can you understand death without knowing life"? I think it wisest answer I ever heard. He knows me a little.

I talk too much myself, tonight. I hear the first cock crowing; I see the night shadow melting into the creation-dawn. I'm hungry now; 'tis my supper time. Let me drink human blood; let me see naked souls kissing!

I spread my wings of death, and I soar to the nest of human rest, where the webs of life webbing--- ah, sweet!

I drink--- I drunken---till the scarlet, bloody sun fades into the whitened day!

Why the Before or the After?

I, a moment of the two — night melting into morn!

LEO. TOLSTOI

Tolstoi wrote with his blood. He is the best commentator on Christ, on the New Testament; same rank as Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, Milton.

Tolstoi's criticism of Shakespeare as being no genius, but one who knew how to fit the stage, is true from Tolstoi's standpoint of "What is art." Tolstoi did not write for pleasure or how to suit the people's mind. He did not intend to write the commentary of the new Testament, but it seems to my eyes that He has. Indeed it is an unconscious commentary of the Bible!

Shakespeare tried to fit his writing to the stage, to make a curio and please the people's mind. But Tolstoi was forced to write; his pen moved for the poor the same as Christ opened his mouth for the sinner. He did not try to show the people a drama, in his later works, but lived one. He acted his teaching, as did Christ and Buddha. Tolstoi's life is like Buddha's life, while we read Tolstoi we cannot laugh; while reading, unconsciously the garment of

my soul becomes orderly, I know not why.

From Tolstoi's standpoint even Shakespeare looks like a cunning rascal; as Shakespeare sometimes fools the people, but Tolstoi never; so that the people could not fool Tolstoi. Everything returns whatever is thought, or conceived, or spoken.

In Tolstoi's work there is no cunning, but in Shakespeares ---! From this point of view, Shakespeare is more of an artist than Tolstoi, as art must be something added to nature. Tolstoi has not time to add. In this case Tolstoi more natural artist, bigger artist; Shakespeare conscious artist; -- Dante higher, Tolstoi broader, Milton stronger (in poetic form.)

Ibsen and Shakespeare pretty well matched (not quality but power equal.) I think Tolstoi is above them, in character. Ibsen mirrored the extreme weak points of human character which are, at the same time, the strong points. In "Hidda Gabler" and "Ghosts" for instance, --- too extreme! Ibsen is the great surgeon of modern literature. He deeply touch the spirit of the Twentieth Century, — the spirit of extreme independence.

Tolstoi says Shakespeare is not a great

artist. Of course, this depends upon what ground one stands, — religious, worldly grounds, etc. Shakespeare is broader; Tolstoi higher than Wagner or Shakespeare in religious strength. Shakespœare may be wider and Wagner better combiner. Tolstoi moral, mental anarchist of the exterior world.-physical world. Maeterlinck internal, metaphysical anarchist,—psychological, esthetical.

“Tolstoi might, with advantage, return to his art,” says Arnold, yet I say Tolstoi’s art was “going to the peasant and digging.” Of course with the solid English idea, Arnold is right but not anarchist and Russian—Tolstoi’s idea greater than Arnold’s—“digging” is his true art— I admire Tolstoi,— a great statue of perfect personality of Russia. I admire Arnold-- great critic of art in England. Both great, but standpoint different. Arnold’s criticism of Tolstoi’s commandment’s of Christ is an entire mistake— for Tolstoi stands as Moses in the old Testament and Arnold stands on the ground of the New Testament and criticises. That is entirely different. Of course when Christ came Christianity was perfected, but not in Old Testament. Russia is like the

Old Testament, the age of Moses. Second reason is that Tolstoi sacrificed for the people, not explaining the perfect idea of Christianity, the genius of it, but the practical entirely. Arnold stands for the scholastic criticism. Third point, Tolstoi is the friend of the poor and guide for them. He has two sceptres, one to crush the tyrant, the other to guide and direct the poor, so the commandments are simply to show them how to go.

Tolstoi's "digging with his peasants" is his best art. Tolstoi is the nineteenth century Moses in Russia. Tolstoi guiding his people into another land,—spiritual, poetic anarchist land, is the same as Moses guiding his people from Egypt into the Holy land, like Moses, pointing the way.

Arnold's Dante is an artist but not his Tolstoi. Behind Arnold is an immovable rock of truth. when sword cuts the earth, at bottom is this great impenetrable rock of his personality.

THE THRESHOLD OF TRAGEDY AND COMEDY

To me Shakespeare's tragedy seems like real comedy, so comedy is real tragedy. Example; King Lear—above the level of honesty—is comic. The taste of tragedy feels to my tongue of literature too honest from this standpoint. Now look at the figure of Lear, what a damn honest fool! Nothing at all cunning in his head, nothing of the craft of the wise.

Great humorist must be great sorrowful Man (past sorrowful life); example, Mark Twain. When tragedy becomes comedy, there is true tragedy. Tragedy blending into comedy,—beyond the boundary of both realms, there is true comedy and true tragedy.

Why did Shakespeare separate comedy and tragedy? Divine Comedy, that is a good name! Why was it called the Divine Comedy? Therein lies the meaning of my idea.—(The Origin of title of Dante's work is not of concern here.)

Greatest comedians were Christ and Bud-

dha. Yes, every great man looks like comedy. My definition of comedy is unbalanced, extreme honesty. Vaudeville comedians are not real comedians—true comedy and true tragedy are neighbors. Tolstoi is one belonging to the comedy class. We cannot separate tragedy and comedy shape.



While the poet dignifies and godifies himself in clouds, the people treat him as a curio. "The blind leading the blind."

GOETHE AND SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare condensed idea in form (dramatic ability) and showed clearly to the people. He spreads perfect picture or mirror of the world before us. We see the characters and plot develope under our eyes. In the beginning he gathers here and there substances and builds a perfect edifice showing the people the complete work, the judgment. The opposite with Goethe;— in the beginning Goethe illumines before our eyes the complete world of human life, the middle is all broken into pieces, and the end guides us into the mystic world. His theme melts into the air, the universe. Shakespeare never leaves judgment to the next world, but judges here. In Shakespearean plays God has nothing to do, all characters being judged in the last act, pleasing the people of the age. Shakespeare gives severe punishment to the Devil; Goethe just lets him go. Shakespeare wrote for world's judgment, -and Goethe for supreme power. — Goethe farther

advanced. He believed in the immortal power even of beauty—Goethe gives new breath, which is his own, to whatever he touches; for instance,—in “Faust,” he takes “Helena,”—already funeraled by the stone hand of theologians,—and how marvelously he breathes into this apparition of Greek beauty new breath of life! What a sublime scene when Helena’s earthly shadow melts into mystic air! Here Goethe immortalizes elemental beauty,—blending it into the atmosphere of scientific literature. It is also interesting to study Goethe’s “Faust” as “Nineteenth Century Job.”

I do not consider “Faust” as a drama—maybe unconscious drama. I see in it, Goethe’s own wonderful philosophy, which is skilfully and beautifully expressed in dramatic form. I never read such a deep philosophy closely related to human life, tuned to such musical strains!

Genius, before creation sees the unutterable vague of chaos floating before its eyes, then soon fades away like false dawn before daylight. In this moment, Genius loses itself in selfless emotion and then true creation

comes. First false light scatters and is lost, but soon true daylight comes. Genius gathers forms and creates new creation and gives the breath of broad daylight and sunshine. First sunk into the bigness of choas and then soars to the highest heaven of mighty ego and gathers and shapes new world of open mystery. Amiel first charms people in his magic air of false shadow of creation but after daylight his shadow disappears. Goethe has both sides, the two sides of Genius.



Beyond Anarchy, beyond Imperialism, embracing them, there is my domain,—boundless, limitless, unbroken plain! In ghostly shadow, in divine clouds,—there my Mighty Self-Tower stands,—gazing upon tightened thoughts with pitying eyes!

Christ but a Spiritual Imperialist, Buddha but a Spiritual Anarchist;— in my Peculiar Domain they are One! True Imperialism and true Anarchism never against each other:—
—Everything different therefore one.—

MORALITY.

Morality is the color of the time—changes with the waves of civilization. Philosophically it is convenience. Spiritually it is the reflection of truth. Changing, yet unchangeable, like the ocean, surface always moving, yet the sea remains unchangeable.

Some believe Morality is absolute truth. Catching the sparkle of the truth of the age, they catch the changing figure of the waves and say, "This is the changeless Morality", but, when the sea-wind of the current of the time ceases, nothing remains but the smooth mirror of the sea.

We must find the secrecy beyond Morality. What relation has Morality to truth, to God? Is not Morality the instrument in the hand of Spirit?

If the Spirit does not move, Morality is a useless instrument.

Behind Morality there is a mighty power that moves, that uses this instrument, a burning spirit working within it.

What is it cultivating, with this instru-

ment, in the soil of human characer? What is it forging on the anvil of human soul? What is it creating in the heart of genius—cultivating through ages,—forging, creating, endlessly?

Instrument sometimes broken or worn out, too old, unfit for use, then new Instrument of Morality must come. Though shape or color change, instrument is instrument.

Many people are blinded by the color of the time,—the instrument,—they do not see behind, the working power, the mover. We must cast behind us, when the time has come, the old Morality, we must not hesitate. At last Morality is simply a convenience of human life; we must use it for convenience sake, but power alone can move this convenient instrument, but if we use it in unwise, unskilfull way, terrible disaster will be the result, in a good way, wonderful good results.

We, the men of the earth, are farmers. With the instrument of Morality, we cultivate the soil of character, of mind, well, rich, fine, for planting. But they are foolish men who are willing to suicide with Morality, and sacrifice their higher manhood. Use instrument,

I say, scientific, advanced instrument.

Everything advances toward perfection, not only Morality.

Casting behind old ideas, garments, — every day new ones.

But unchanging is the power. Working man, farmer, dies, and instrument wears out, but power still there. This power, when it shines, appears as the sun, moon, stars or other planets. When this power moves on the face of the waters, it appears as perfect love and light, and reflects the whole world, all planets, the universe, myriad colors;— these are the steps of power, the waves of history.

This power weaves the beautiful fabric of Morality, according to the base of this power, according to this power's age and time.

Ah, at last! Morality is the instrument of God, changing, unchangeable, — a shadow, or color of power.

WOMAN'S AGE DAWNING.

This is Woman's age!

The barbaric age pretty near its ending.

Barbaric beauty represents Man; Women represent softened beauty.

War warrior, bloodshed, belong to wild beauty;

Soft beauty is the very center of soul or spirit, breath of creation, conception, nature of every element, delicate, refined.

In creation, as in Genesis, matter is classified thus — chaos, land, water, beast, fowl, man; very last creation — woman.

Woman stands or is born for beauty; man for truth.

But beauty is warmer than truth, also embraces it.

Beauty touches more human life — yet more ethereal-delicate-than truth.

Truth is heavy.

If Truth is a stone, Beauty is the moss.

Soft beauty embraces hard truth, as in human beings.

The foundation of the house of humanity is

already built, inside is being beautified —the dawn of Woman's age. Later ideal Man and Woman shall dwell there!

After two or three thousand years, Woman's age being over, then shall come great waves of equal age,—ideal Man and Woman.

This is Beauty Age, not Barbaric age.

Poetry belongs to Woman. Philosophy belongs to man.

Too much philosophy is very cold, but foundation of poetry is philosophy. Foundation of philosophy is poetry, —therefore we want an equality. Foundation of Woman is Man, but at the same time Man is born from Woman. Great rolling waves of Man's barbaric age ceasing; the soft beauty of God, Woman's age coming! Woman shall guide the current of the times.

Awake, Woman! The world is advancing toward your warm, soft civilization.

We are passing the barbaric civilization of Manhood, —fighting, wild education, dying.

But your electric education awaking, approaching.

Art thou not the tomb of love and light?

Woman thou art the soil of the celestial

kingdom, whereon grows the Holy Tree. But, Ah eternal woman, who planted that tree and who opened thy heavenly gate? Man! the Man! Half of thy soul eternal Man. Eternal Man unites with eternal Woman, thus comes the perfect one.

Indeed the Poet of Weimar's soul was inspired by supreme Womanhood.

I stretch my hand to thee, Seer of Weimar. I honor thy mystic pen which guided the soul of Faust into the celestial heaven, by the fragrance of a plucked flower.

Woman! Woman! What mysterious being thou art!

Even to utter thy name I tremble.

What joyous love-light, conceived in thy chaos womb!

Wonderful, generous giver, thou Woman. Thou opened the mystic gate of Resurrection. Art thou not the tombed God?

Who first beheld the resurrection of Christ? Not strong Peter, but the softened eyes of Mary. Consider her figure. What charming power brought her delicate feet, o'er the rough path to the tomb?

Did she not know the heavy stone was

impossible to move with her willow hand? Before she weeping arrived, the tomb gate opened.

What a strong faith, hope, love dwelt in her delicate earthly form! She was the first who saw the light of resurrection.

On, Woman, everlasting Woman! Thou art the gate of Heaven; Peter hath the key, well let Man open it.

Who brought forth this immortal singer into the world? This Great love-light issued from unlocked portals of everlasting Womanhood. This heavenly poet! Man of sorrows!

Ah, indeed! The Bard of Florence perfumed his illumined soul before the altar of Eternal Woman in the immovable heaven.

Who destroyed the pure character of Marguerite? It was the man Faust. Who guided his soul into celestial heaven? It was she, representative Woman, Marguerite.

Who guided great poet Dante's soul into the Ninth heaven? Beatrice,—everlasting womanhood! Who opened the Portal of Dream!

THE PASSING OF JOAQUIN.

Wounded Lion, howling toward the dead moon
Funeraled by the anxious clouds of doubt;
Glittering his eye—

Flickering, softened by dreadful pain;
Now groaning against the dark sound
of ebbing tide.

Calling his dead mates;
Gazing toward the gloomy beckoning hand
of Fate.

Sudden turned to eastward, where floats
The scene of "bravest battle" of past shadow
of life.

List, far yon billow!
Dark sound of ghostly waves dashing
against shore of life!

Aged Dragonish Pine falls on Mother Earth,
With sounding stormy wind of life.

Ah! where is now thy martial arm that held
scepter,

Ever swaying currents of the time?
Where art thou now sailing in vessel of Death.
With thy hoary beard tossing against

ghostly wind,
 That wafts to the Unknown Strand,
 Sailing "on and on"?
 Bravest Soul ever fought in stormy field,
 Gone, with parting voice of ebbing tide,
 While sound of evening gong wailing.
 Gone, gone to the Eternal Land.
 Bravest Soul sails on.

His soul, as eagle flew from martial sleeve
 of Dying Pine,
 Flying on wings of Death;
 Miles million in a moment soars.
 Glaring his fire-eye!
 Soaring, sailing "on and on"—
 Through the clouds
 To the bottomless, boundless, limitless realm
 of eternal silent song,
 Where starry mates throng.
 Bravest Eagle-soul,
 Soaring upward—on!

Look yon, upon the pyre burning reluctant
Dream!

Let soft hand of ageless Silence funeral
earthly Shadow sublime;

Let voiceless voice of God utter honor
supreme.

Farewell, bold Pilot-Soul,
Till we melt all in One Mystery unknown!

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